

The American Patriots began writing the "songs of '76," some years previous to the Declaration of Independence. The following was written in 1765, by Peter St. John, a schoolmaster of Norwalk, Conn., his native town. It was very popular, and some time after Burgoyne's surrender, the author republished it with the addition of fifteen new stanzas, which we omit because they weakened its original force.

TAXATION OF AMERICA.

While I relate my story,
Americans give ear,
Of Britain's fading glory
You presently shall hear;
I'll give a true relation,
Attend to, what I say
Concerning the taxation
Of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain,
Who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on
They joyfully proclaim!
Tis what they're striving after,
Our right to take away,
And rob us of our charter
In North America.

There are two mighty speakers
Who rule in parliament;

Who ever have been seekers

Some mischief to invent;

Twas North, and Butts his father,

The horrid plan did lay

A mighty tax to gather

In North America.

They searched the gloomy regions
Of the infernal pit,

To find among their legions

One who excelled in wit;

To ask of him assistance,

Or tell them how they may

Subdue without resistance

The North America.

Old Satan, the arch traitor,

Who rules the burning lake

Where his chief navigator,

Resolved a voyage to take;

For the Britannic ocean

He launches fast away,

To land he had no notion

In North America.

He takes his seat in Britain,

It was his soul's intent

Great George's throne to sit on;

And rule the parliament;

His comrades were pursuing

A diabolical way,

For to complete the ruin

Of North America.

These subtle arch-combiners

Addressed the British Court;

All three were undersigners

Of this hell-made report;

"There is a pleasant landscape

That lieth far away

Beyond the wide Atlantic,

In North America.

There is a wealthy people,

Who sojourn in that land,

Their churches all with steeples

Most delicately stand;

Their houses like the gilly,

Are painted red and gay;

They flourish like the lily,

In North America.

"Their land with milk and honey

Continually doth flow,

The want of food or money

They seldom ever know;

They heap up golden treasure,

They have no debts to pay,

They spend their time in pleasure

In North America.

"With gold and silver laces

They do themselves adorn,

The rubies deck their faces,

Refulgent as the moon!

Wine sparkles in their glasses,

They spend each happy day

Merriment and dances,

In North America.

"Let not our suit affront you,

When we address your throne;

Oh King, this wealthy country

And subjects are your own,

And you, their rightful sovereign,

They truly must obey,

You have a right to govern

This North America.

Oh King, you've heard the sequel

Of what we now subscribe;

It is not just and equal

To tax this wealthy tribe?"

The question being asked,

His majesty did say:

"My subjects shall be taxed

In North America;

Invested with a warrant,

My publicans shall go,

The tenth of all their current

They surely shall bestow;

If they indulge rebellion,

Or from my precepts stray,

I'll send my small battalions

To North America.

I'll rally all my forces

By water and by land,

My light dragoons and horses

Shall go at my command;

I'll burn both town and city,

With poise behead the day;

I'll show no human pity

For North America."

Oh George! you are distracted;

You'll by experience find

The laws you have enacted

Are of the blackest kind,

I'll make a short digression,

And tell you by the way,

We fear not your oppression,

In North America.

To what you have commanded

We never will consent,

Although your troops are landed

Upon our continent;

We'll save our swords and muskets

And march in dread array,

From North America.

THE MISHAPS OF A NIGHT.

The district school in the village of Hollythorn was taught by Miss Eva Stanley, who "boarded around" among the scholars, and was considered the paragon of teachers. The last week previous to the holiday vacation she had been boarding with a Mrs. Carpenter, who was making gigantic preparations for guests she expected from New York.

The Deaf-Hamites' Home-mail.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1876.

NUMBER 6.

"You never met my brothers, Eva," she said. "There's Sam, and George, and Johnny, the youngest, and such times as they have when they get out and rusticate, as they call it! But, dear me, I don't get much rest or peace, for they are like a lot of boys let out of school with a groan."

"I should think she did. I just took her in my arms and let her have her cry out, while I explained how she happened to be mistaken for Sam and became the victim of your mad pranks."

"That was neat in you, Han," said George. "I am awful glad you hugged the poor little thing. Wish you had given her a brotherly squeeze for me—poor my honor I do."

"And how on earth do you expect us to stay and take the consequences?" asked John, beginning to look serious.

"I am for taking myself of instanter. I had rather face a masked battery than this pretty school teacher; after making such fools of ourselves."

"I don't care if you had," answered his sister indignantly. "The only way to do is to brave it out, both of you, and apologize for your rudeness."

"But Sam! How the deuce are we to get along with him? You know well enough, Han, we shall never hear the last of it from him."

"If you two can keep the secret, I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and it is a subject Eva will not care to have discussed, and fortunately my husband is away from home. So go to bed and rest contented."

She showed them to the bed she had intended them to occupy, and soon the house was once more hushed in slumber.

Meanwhile, their brother Sam had reached the depot a few minutes too late. He found the train he was to have taken already gone, and so decided to investigate the "best room," stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs, and reached the door. The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair piled with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the bedclothes, which by right belonged to him, he being the oldest, and consummated a plan to get even with them.

Some time after midnight he was deposited in Hollythorn, and reaching his sister's house he scouted around until he found a way of entrance into the kitchen, where he deposited his baggage and removed his boots. Then he quietly stole up stairs and opened the door of the best room. "Sure enough," thought he, "my fine chaps, you are in clover; for there were not to be mistaken signs of the room being occupied."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed George, "it isn't Sam, but some woman, as I am a sinner, and she has fainted. Run and call Hannah."

With admirable presence of mind he lifted the limp form of Eva Stanley and carried her into the house. But her cry had already been heard, and the inmates came rushing into the hall just as he appeared.

Such a torrent of screams as he had never before heard rang through the house and before Sam could collect his scattered senses, the door opened, and Hannah, George and John rushed in, a frightened look on her face and a lamp in her hand that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting up in bed, with her hair dripping like a mermaid, her night-dress dangled, her face colorless, and looking terrified, was the young school mistress; and there was Sam with the empty pitcher in his hand the very picture of imbecility, staring around like an idiot in the havoc he had made. Hannah, George, and John instantly understood the situation; and the latter at the command of their sister, dragged Sam away, while she assisted the drenched and terrified girl to dry clothing, and then took her to own room and bed, explaining, for the second time the mishaps of the night.

"I'll keep you with me now, my poor child," she said, though with difficulty keeping back her laughter. "These boys are nicely come up with, at any rate; and if it wasn't for your being so terribly frightened, and the way my best bed has been used, I wouldn't care. But you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge, and went down to see the boys, who, as soon as they were fairly shut into the regions below, began to appreciate the joke; and now Sam was as deep in the mud as they were in the mire, gave no quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it means," said Sam, looking in confusion at his brothers, who were rolling and kicking in convulsions of laughter.

"Means?" said George, holding his sides. "It means that you have stolen like a thief into Miss Eva Stanley's bed-chamber, who is a young lady teacher boarding here; and thinking it was your humble servant and Johnny snug in bed, you attempted to drown us out, and made a grand mistake. How do you like it Sam?"

"I confess I see the point but I can't see the joke. It's a most outrageous shame!"

At this juncture Hannah came in and began rating them soundly, thereby letting out the whole story. It was Sam's turn to laugh.

Miss Eva was not visible the next morning and Hannah announced that

she was sick with a severe cold. Hannah had her unruly crew under her thumb for once in her life, and had the satisfaction of seeing them behave with some dignity. They appeared never to forget that there was an invalid in the house, and went on tiptoe about Sam, who seemed to take the entire responsibility upon his own shoulders, sent off slyly to New York for choice fruit and flowers, which he induced his sister to convey to the young lady with the most abject apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to come down stairs. She was looking quite pale, but lovely, and of course divinely, when presented by Mrs. Carpenter to the three brothers, who behaved quite well considering the unpleasantness of their situation.

But Sam, who had broken the ice by the means of his presents, was most at ease, and by virtue of his age and experience constituted himself the proprietor, and was constantly on hand to offer Miss Eva a thousand nameless attentions; and before the week was out John declared that "Sam was done for!"

"Gone under completely!" echoed George with one of his dismal groans.

Climbing the fence in the rear, they softly opened the window and obtained access to the pantry, where they demolished a mince pie and a quantity of doughnuts. Then, with appetites appeased, they removed their boots and prepared to investigate the "best room," stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs, and reached the door. The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair piled with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the bedclothes, which by right belonged to him, he being the oldest, and consummated a plan to get even with them.

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The gallant Francis L. of France, had equally gallant and very shrewd valets de chambre, of the name of Louis Brabant, who was also a most skillful ventriloquist. Louis Brabant had the misfortune to fall desperately in love with a young, very beautiful, and very wealthy heiress, whose father forbade his addressing in consequence of the disparity of his condition. The father, however, died soon after, and the courageous lover, unswayed by a first repulse, was determined to try his fortune a second time, under favor of the new state of circumstances, and to see whether it would not be possible, upon a severe push, to call to his aid the art of ventriloquism, in which he was so considerable an adept.

He accordingly waited on the mother as soon as decency would allow, and once more submitted his proposals. But, faithful to the views of her deceased husband, the mother of the young lady made no scruple of once more giving Louis Brabant a direct refusal. While, however, she was in the act of doing so, a low, hollow, sepulchral voice was heard by herself, and by every friend who was with her, and which was instantly recognized as the voice of the deceased, commanding her to give her daughter's hand immediately to Louis Brabant, whom the piteous spirit affirmed he now knew to be a most worthy and excellent man, and considerably wealthier than he had taken him to be when alive; adding, at

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER SYLVE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A Valuable Surprise Present.

Some time last fall some of the deaf-mute friends of the proprietor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL conceived and set in motion a plan for making up a birthday surprise gift to be presented on the occasion of our birthday anniversary which occurred on the fourteenth of December last.

We were entirely in the dark in regard to what was going on in relation to the matter. The principal actors united in the agreement to purchase for the present an office desk in order to make the gift one of utility as well as ornament.

In order to procure the means for carrying out their designs, friends who felt favorably disposed to assist in the movement, were invited to contribute accordingly to their inclinations.

Active parties in the proceeding being widely separated, and for various reasons, it was found impracticable to present the surprise at the time of our birthday anniversary as it was originally intended, so that it could be on exhibition at the time of holding the deaf-mute festival which took place in our village the 29th of December last.

When sufficient funds were subscribed and collected, Mr. S. A. Taber, of Seipio, N. Y., who had been appointed to take charge of the money—by Mr. C. H. Cooper, of Water-

town, N. Y., who is on a winter's tour at the West with his wife—went to the Buffalo agency of the Wooton Desk Company, and there meeting Mr. Sidney H. Howard, of Arcade, N. Y., purchased a cabinet office secretary at \$90.

The agent soon afterwards sent the order to the manufacturer, and the secretary was shipped for Mexico. Some time after it was sent from the shop, Mr. Taber, supposing that there had been sufficient time since its purchase for it to arrive, let us into the secret by a letter in which he referred to it. Otherwise the surprise was complete as that was the first intimation we had received from any source in relation to the present.

From that time we watched for its arrival every day. A few days ago business called us to Albany and Rhinebeck. When we reached home Monday evening, the 31st ult., we were surprised upon entering our house to find that the secretary had arrived in good condition, and was already occupying its proper position. It was manufactured at the Wooton Desk Company's shop which are located in Indianapolis, Ind. It is in itself a guarantee of the mechanical skill and first class workmanship employed at their shops. It is designated as a number three—in size—cabinet office secretary. With the exceptions of the inside work it is constructed of solid black walnut, and for convenience in moving it is mounted on castors. The interior of the secretary is beautifully and economically arranged in convenient style with four drawers and almost a countless number of shelves and other receptacles in which may be deposited books, manuscripts, writing materials and many other articles. The double doors which open out to the right and left are each filled up in the inside with numerous pigeon-hole boxes for letters and similar articles. The essential desk portion of the structure is displayed for writing purposes by first opening the outside doors on the front part of the secretary, then lowering the inner hanging door which forms the desk. The writing desk is well finished and arranged for a sitting position. All of the inner compartments seem to have been made for useful purposes. The inside of the secretary contains the most useful of its constituent parts while the external portion displays the beautiful and ornamental. While we were greatly surprised at being the recipient of such an appropriate present and one of such an expensive style, we are sure that we lack the power of words to express our thanks for it in suitable language. Much praise is due

to Mr. S. A. Taber, Miss H. A. Avery, Mrs. G. J. Chandler, Mr. S. H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cooper and others for the active part that they have taken in the surprise. To them and to all others who have contributed for the object, both deaf and dumb and hearing friends, we tender our spontaneous thanks. We shall prize the gift, both for its intrinsic worth, and for our cherished remembrance of the kind friends who presented the token.

Suspension of School at the New York Institution.

We learn that on account of the increase of sickness from typhoid fever the school at the New York Institution has been suspended from Jan. 26th till Mar. 1st. As yet we have heard of but seven fatal cases, but it is said that the hospital has upward of eighty patients who are afflicted with the same disease. The alarming rapidity with which the fever was spreading among the pupils made it necessary to temporarily suspend the school and let all who were well go to their homes. It is with feelings of deep regret that we are obliged to chronicle the alarming ravages of this ever-to-be-dreaded epidemic. It is sincerely hoped that its farther spreading will be checked, that the sick ones may soon recover, and that in due time school will again be opened, and the proper steps taken to prevent the recurrence of the calamity.

P. S. Since we set the above in type, we have received information to the effect that there are about one hundred pupils remaining in the institution and that the school is kept up.

Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

The coming subject at present among those most deeply concerned in the matter is, shall Rochester have an institution for the education of deaf-mutes?

Last Spring we published an editorial advocating the need of such an institution and showing some of the practical benefits which it would confer upon the deaf-mute residents of counties lying in the Western part of the State. The idea of a Western institution was not entirely original with us. It had been talked up some, but by giving publicity to the plan the ball was set in motion, and we are now pleased to see that prominent educators of the deaf and dumb and other interested parties are taking active steps to secure, if possible, the laudable object.

Among those who are moving in that direction Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is one of the gentlemen who is "working up the case." A week ago to-day he visited the city of Rochester to consult some of the leading, interested and wealthy citizens of that place with a view of getting them engaged in the cause. If a sufficient amount of money can be raised by subscriptions to ensure the starting of the school, measures will be taken next winter to secure the co-operation of our Legislature and procure an appropriation of funds from the State Treasury toward supporting the school. We have not heard whether Dr. Gallaudet failed or succeeded in his mission. We know that all unbiased parties will comprehend the necessity of an additional school for the instruction of the present and rapidly increasing numbers of deaf-mute residents of the Empire State. The overcrowded condition of the New York Institution and the fact that the Central New York Institution is filled to its present capacity, with many pupils knocking at its doors for admission, both go far to convince a discerning public that another such institution is not too soon to be provided.

Whether or not the present shall prove an opportune season for inaugurating another school for deaf-mutes we know not, but one thing is morally certain, and it is a fixed fact that the time is near at hand when another institution will be an absolute necessity. Such institution will unquestionably be built in the Western part of the State. Wise will be the policy of the city that succeeds in having it located within her borders.

Photographs of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

While Dr. Gallaudet was in Rochester assisting to found a new institution for deaf-mutes in that city, his photograph was taken by Mr. J. H. Kent, No. 58 State street, to whom orders may be sent for the cabinet size, 50 cents; and for the cards, 25 cents.

Deaf-Mute and Speaking Teachers.

We publish in another column this week an article on the subject of deaf-mute teachers from Mr. J. H. Pettingell, teacher of the High Class at the New York Institution. We commend his article to our readers for the fairness with which he handles the subject. We fully endorse his views in the matter of employing deaf-mute teachers in all cases wherever it can be made practical. With the exception of the few hearing teachers by which every deaf-mute institution

should be represented, we claim that there are plenty of liberally educated, intelligent deaf-mutes well fitted for the position of teachers who would do honor to the profession and justice to their pupils. As Mr. Pettingell implies, it would be poor policy to employ deaf-mute teachers who are incapable of making good instructors for the deaf and dumb, nor would it be fair to raise an objection to their teaching simply because they happen to be deaf and dumb. But there is no need of employing second class teachers either of hearing or deaf-mute persons. To a certain extent it is positively necessary to have hearing teachers, and they should only be those who are the most capable, but the balance of the instructors should be selected from among the deaf-mutes, and they should be well educated and possess the talent and taste for imparting knowledge.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

Miss JENNIE L. LEACH, of New York, is visiting with Miss GRACE H. HASTINGS, at East Aurora, N. Y. On Wednesday, the 26th ult., Mr. S. H. Howard, of Arcade, N. Y., and Miss MARY HAZARD, of Buffalo, N. Y., took tea, by invitation, with them, and all had a merry time.

Mr. JAMES WHALEN, of Arcade, N. Y., has agreed to work for Mr. S. A. TABER for the coming season. He is said to be one of the best farm hands in Wyoming county, having worked in the forests of Minnesota and in Wisconsin three years ago. His brother MICHAEL struck for the forests of Michigan last November, and his folks recently heard that he had settled himself in Otsego Lake, Oneida county, Mich., as a painter and grainer, and proposed to start a new barber's shop, there being no such shop in that town.

The faithful old black charger, for ten years in the employ of Prof. Noyes, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, died suddenly from some unknown cause, last Friday night. He was apparently in his usual health when put in the stable in the evening.—*Faribault paper.*

Mrs. WILLIAM ROBINSON, of Concord, N. H., has two deaf-mute children. The boy is nine years old and girl four. The former is said to be very mischievous, causing his mother much trouble, and a perfect pest to his little sister. Mrs. Robinson will feel a sense of relief when the boy is old enough to be sent to the Hartford Asylum for instruction.

Mr. THOMAS N. HEAD, a deaf-mute of Hooksett, N. H., butchered a hog the 17th of last month, which was fifteen months old and weighed 525 pounds. Has any deaf-mute beat that?

The *Mute Journal of Nebraska*, a monthly published at the Nebraska Deaf-mute Institution, is a neat and tasty paper of twenty-four columns. The type-setting and press work are done by the pupils of the institution, and the work will compare favorably with that of any other publication.

Mr. and Mrs. WM. P. HOPKINS, of Rensselaer, Ind., have lately subscribed for the JOURNAL. Mr. Hopkins was educated at the Ohio Deaf-mute Institution, and Mrs. H. H., at that of Indiana. His deafness was caused by falling down stairs when he was eleven months old. She lost her hearing by scarlet fever at the age of four years. Mr. H. has worked at a variety of trades, such as shoe-making, cabinet-work, boat building besides working in the car shops. He is now working at house carpentry. Last May they celebrated their crystal wedding and received numerous presents from their friends.

On the 3d inst., a business meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association was held in the basement of St. Ann's Church, New York. The President, JOHN WITTSCHIEF, appointed Messrs. McClellan, Bond and Wells as committee on library, and Messrs. Fitzgerald, McClellan, Bond, Russell, and Geo. Witschief committed on amusements.

Mr. JAMES S. WELLS, an old classmate of ours has obtained employment as a clerk in the office of the American School Agency of J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., in Bond St., New York. Aside from this, he renders Dr. GALLAUDET much assistance in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

The Central New York Institution Bill Signed.

Special to the Journal.

ALBANY, Feb. 5.—Governor Tilden has signed the bill which was introduced in the Legislature in relation to the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes.

A VALUABLE PRESENT.—It will be seen by a card in another column that H. C. Rider, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal, has been the recipient of quite a valuable present (a black walnut office secretary) from deaf-mutes and some hearing friends. It cost \$90 at manufacturers' prices, is quite large, admirably arranged, very handsome, and we need hardly say, is highly prized by its recipient. It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we speak of this present, witnessing as we have during the past three or four years, the great and unflagging interest Mr. Rider has evinced in all that pertains to the well-being of the mutes throughout the State and throughout the Union.—*AGRIPPA.*

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Minor Topics.

Michigan pays its Governor only \$1,000 a year.

The Legislature of Kansas gives \$25,000 outright to the Centennial.

During November 216 ocean vessels were lost, including thirteen steamers, of which two were American.

The pecuniary value of the New York Times, on the basis of the price paid for the shares held by the Taylor estate, is \$1,500,000.

Some Californians who own 160,020 acres of land are enclosing it with a single fence 100 miles in length.

During the year 1876 the employees and apparatus of the National Lifeboat Association of Great Britain saved 725 lives and twenty-nine vessels.

A gentleman of Lynchburg, Va., owns a set of chessmen neatly molded in lead from bullets picked up on the battlefield near Appomattox Court-house.

There are 21,255 Baptist churches in the United States, with 13,417 ministers, and a total membership of 1,815,000.

Of the one hundred and seventeen women now studying at the Michigan University, four have chosen law, forty-seven medicine, and fifty-six literature and science.

In Germany, 1,520 out of every 10,000 of the population are under school instruction; in Great Britain, 1,400; in France, 1,160; in Belgium, 1,140; in Austria and Hungary, 840; and in Russia, 150.

It is proposed to secure protection to the game of the whole country by securing congressional legislation. The wholesale slaughter of deer, buffalo, prairie hen and other game threatens their entire extinction in a few years.

The Hon. J. Y. SWAN, Centennial Commissioner for Indian curiosities of the northwest coast, has secured in Alaska a wooden column thirty feet long and four wide and thick, on which is carved a number of immense heads of Indians.

An English gentleman has offered \$25,000 to the London Missionary Society as the nucleus of a fund for establishing a mission on Lake Tanganyika, with its headquarters at Ujiji, where Stanley met with Livingstone.

Mr. John Muir says that there are sixty-five glaciers in the mountains of California. One of them he watched forty-seven days, and in that time it moved forty-six inches. Yosemite and other similar valleys were dug out by glaciers.

Hon. Mr. Willis, of New York, proposes to introduce a bill into Congress to abolish the office of Naval Officer of the Port of New York and also the office of Auditor. He says they are both relics of antiquity that can easily be dispensed with.

The report of the Rhode Island State Auditor shows that in population of about 250,000 there are 101,635 depositors in savings banks. The asset in the savings banks are \$53,272,731, and were increased about three millions in 1874.

The Archbishop of Paris has received from the Archbishop of Beyrouth 12 large planks of cedar cut from a tree on Mount Lebanon that had recently blown down. A few trees yet remain, supposed to be as old as the time when Solomon built the Temple.

Returns from the census of 1875 of twelve States, show an increase of 1,857,174 over the federal census of 1870. As at that time these twelve States contained one-third of the country it is estimated that the centennial figures for the United States will be about 44,000,000.

There are six colleges in the State of Tennessee; the State University at Knoxville; the Baptist University at Jackson; the Cumberland University (Presbyterian) at Lebanon; the Southwestern Presbyterian University, formerly Stewart college, at Clarksville; the Southern College at Sewanee, supported by the Episcopal Church of the South; and Vanderbilt College, just established by the Methodists, with ample endowments, at Nashville.

Courage! Don't despair when the doctor says your lungs are diseased. The worst cases given up as hopeless have been cured by HAL'S HONEY OF HOME HOUND AND TAR.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The young chap who, the other Sunday evening, stood shivering on the steps of the church for half an hour, waiting to escort a young lady home, though his offer was politely refused, must not be discouraged; but remember the little ditty which says: "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again!"

Locke Richardson's Readings.

Unfavorable weather on Wednesday last compelled a postponement of Locke Richardson's Readings; but on Monday evening of this week a large audience greeted the Professor in the Presbyterian church. Mrs. A. M. Parker, whose musical performances always elicit warm admiration, presided at the organ and entertained the audience while waiting for the speaker. Prof. Richardson was introduced by Rev. J. P. Stratton, who also announced the next lecture of the course to be given by Dr. Hayes, Feb. 23.

We do not purpose attempting an extended review of Locke Richardson's entertainment when professional critics of the press have already indulged in so much favorable criticism of him and his readings. It is sufficient that he thoroughly delighted all who heard him.

His personal appearance and graceful bearing upon the platform are of themselves a pleasure. Of eloquence he is a master—one of the few public readers who, having gained the attention of their hearers, retain it from beginning to end. We do not think him equally superior in every department of his art; but this is not to say that he is inferior in any. If in recitals of a purely pathetic nature he does not impress us quite so strongly as in those of a humorous or serio-comic character, it is because he excels in the latter in an unusual degree. Yet in "Christmas Carol" the transitions from grave to gay were so smooth and natural that his audience was equally ready to weep over the supposed death of "Tiny Tim"; or laugh at the Christmas party of Scrooge's nephew. The laughter and applause which greeted the description of "Blind man's buff" suggested the harrowing thought that perhaps many of the audience were not strangers to the game which Topper played with the "plump sister."

The Christmas Carol occupied the first part of the programme; and this beautiful story lost none of its interest by Prof. Richardson's rendering. He has evidently made it a study, and his interpretation of its varied scenes is admirable: the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Future were portrayed in a manner that may well be called thrilling. Few, we think, would dare attempt to condense such a story when written by the pen of a Dickens; but after bestowing extended labor and great pains upon it, Professor Richardson has accomplished the task successfully.

Deaf-Mute Teachers.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—From your notice of my recent article in the *Annals*, and from hints that have come to me from other sources, I fear that my sentiments in regard to the employment of mute teachers in the instruction of the deaf and dumb are misapprehended. I should be sorry to have it supposed that I am, in any way, opposed to them as a class. I am not. I would be glad to encourage and aid them in every way possible. They have many obstacles to contend with, from which others are free, and those of them who have fought their way through all of these obstacles, to success, and have qualified themselves to teach, or to fill other positions of responsibility and usefulness, are worthy of all honor.

It is easy for those who can hear and speak to become expert in the use of their mother tongue. But it is not so, for those who must learn all they know of verbal language through the eye alone, and to whom the English language is necessarily a foreign tongue. Indeed, the difficulty of acquiring a mastery of our language in this way, is so great that I wonder—not that so few—but that any attain to it. It does not indicate superior abilities for a hearing man to be able to use language with correctness and facility; but it requires a high order of intellect, much patient study, and indomitable perseverance for a deaf-mute to achieve success in this direction. Such qualities demand recognition.

It is of first importance, that all teachers of the deaf and dumb, whether mutes or speaking persons, should be familiar with the idioms of our language and be able to use it with naturalness and freedom; for this is just what they most need to teach their pupils. Too many of our pupils graduate without having attained to this—some because their term of instruction was too short; others for the want of sufficient individual tuition, which it was impossible for them to receive in the large classes in which they were taught; others for the lack of application on their own part, and others from various other causes. Many of them, however, are intelligent, active and well qualified for almost any other kind of business, but that of giving instruction in language. This is just the position for which they are less qualified than any other. It may be an act of kindness to such worthy pupils, to retain them as teachers after they have finished their course. Better employ them than incompetent speaking teachers. If they are well qualified, they ought to be retained, if they are needed. But if they are not qualified, this kindness to them is an injustice to their pupils, who need the best instructors that can be had, and injurious to the cause.

The time was when this profession commanded the best talent in the country, and teachers were employed who were capable of doing credit to any of the learned professions. But the tendency of the present time is to degrade the profession, by the payment of meager salaries, and the employment of cheap teachers, of whom nothing but routine work is expected, and who are incapable of doing anything else. It is quite natural that those who are unable to find employment in other spheres, and especially, that ambitious mutes, but imperfectly educated, to whom so many avenues of life are closed on account of their infirmity, should be willing to serve in this capacity for a pittance that would be spurned by others better qualified, whose services were in higher demand.

Certain it is they do get up nice parties and plenty of them, too. The last, and in truth the best one ever yet given, was held Tuesday evening, Jan. 18th—that date being the second anniversary of the organization of the society. Some two weeks in advance of the party, the society, at its Wednesday evening session, appointed Miss Carrie Hathaway, Mr. E. D. Kingon, and Mr. J. K. Watson, a committee to superintend the arrangements for the occasion, and the gentlemen members, by equal contributions, provided them with means to work with, the young ladies for their part promising to attend to the cake; the result of these united efforts was an entertainment several degrees in advance of all previously held and entirely creditable to all interested.

I must confess that when the catalogue of teachers, as exhibited in the reports of some of our institutions, shows a large proportion of deaf-mute teachers there is reason to suspect that the best interests of the cause have not been considered in the selection of all of them. It may be, however, that they are just the men and women for the place. If so, surely, I would be the last man to object. Indeed, other things being equal, they ought to be preferred to those who can hear and speak. And yet it should be remembered that every institution should have a certain proportion of hearing and speaking teachers, more or less as the case may be, for the training of its semi-mutes in articulation if for no other purpose. But for the purpose of instruction in other branches, no one surely ought to object to a deaf-mute teacher simply because he is a deaf-mute. I never heard of any objection to Mr. Clerc on this ground, nor to Mr. Burnet, nor to many others now in active service in the institutions of this country, whose names it would be invidious to mention, nor last, but not least, to the able gentlemen on the editorial staff of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Respectfully yours,
J. H. PETTINGELL.

New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, January 31st, 1876.

New York Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

Here in south-eastern New York, the last week of the old year was a dreary and rainy one, with very rare glimpses of sunshine. Even Christmas day was dismal and gloomy. All day the raindrops fell, but notwithstanding this, there were gladness and joy in many homes and hearts, as it was the day which commemorated the birth of the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth. As the week drew toward its close the sky cleared up,

and the new year was ushered in with bright sunshine and a clear sky, although the walks were none of the best for pedestrians.

Your correspondent attended the afternoon service at St. Ann's Church, on Tuesday, the 2d inst. It being the first Sabbath of the new year, there was quite a congregation of deaf-mutes. Rev. Dr. Gallandt preached his New Year's sermon in his usual graceful and impressive way. This day was very warm for mid-winter.

Nature has been as frugal here with her snow as she has been everywhere else. The boys and girls at the institution here, no doubt, have lost many a much-longed-for slide down hill on their sleds. However, we hope their great wish may be granted before the genial spring days come again.

Please allow me to correct a slight mistake which accidentally got into my last letter—Mr. W. G. Harrison was removed to Bellevue Hospital instead of Roosevelt Hospital as I had it. I have since learned from Mrs. Harrison that he had nineteen cuts, but is now much better. She is a very intelligent semi-mute young lady and a graduate of the National Deaf-mute College.

There was a lecture at Steinway Hall, on the evening of the 10th inst., the proceeds of which were for some charitable purpose in connection with the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. I hope the sum realized was large.

A small party of deaf-mutes gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rush on New Year's night, and from what I have heard, I am sure they had a very social and pleasant time. Mr. and Mrs. Rush have as nice and plump a three-year-old boy as one could wish to see. Our above-named friends are both graduates of the New York Institution. Mr. R. is quite a good artist and caricaturist, and is also remarkably intelligent for a deaf-mute.

Perhaps it may not be out of place for a lady correspondent to express her opinion here on a subject lately discussed by some of the members of the Manhattan Literary Association—"Which was the greatest man, Napoleon I. or Duke of Wellington?" I think Napoleon was the greatest man, although he was defeated by a Russian Czar and English Duke. I mean that he was the greatest man so far as military skill and tactics are concerned. In our town I might ask, Which was the greatest hero, Alexander, of Greece, or the first Napoleon?

On the deaf-mute ladies in the city who received calls on New Year's day, Mrs. Fred. A. Stratton had a large number both on Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. M. E. Totten has come East again, and is stopping at Keypoint, N. J. Business relating to money affairs called her back.

L. A. W.
Clifton, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1876.

Celebration of the Second Anniversary of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society.

(From our own Correspondent.)

If getting up parties, is any proof of intelligence, and energy, the mutes of Chicago, should hereafter be marked number one.

Certain it is they do get up nice parties and plenty of them, too. The last, and in truth the best one ever yet given, was held Tuesday evening, Jan. 18th—that date being the second anniversary of the organization of the society.

After the rendering of this poem, Mrs. M. A. Emory, the recently elected secretary, took the platform and gave in signs a letter written by Mrs. J. M. Raffington, the former President, now residing at Detroit, Michigan. A verbatim copy of that latter having appeared in the JOURNAL of Jan. 20th, we forbear repeating it here.

At the conclusion of the reading of the letter, the writer of this article was again called forward, and said, as plainly as her limited knowledge of signs would permit—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

—With pleasure that I cannot fully express I find myself among you this evening for the purpose of celebrating the second anniversary of the organization of your society.

If you will consult the columns of the Deaf-Mute Advance of January 8th, 1872, you will find that as far back as the fall of 1871, I favored the organization of a society or union of some kind in this city, which would promote your spiritual and social advancement.

When the time for assembling drew near the young gentlemen went for the ladies, who bravely donning waterproofs in lieu of beavers and velvets, wended their way round mud-puddles, and tipped over frightfully soft crossings to the friendly street cars, which, for the moderate fare of five cents, waited to set them down safe and sound in front, or within a block or two of the room which serves the triple purpose of office, church, and banquet hall.

But the discomfort of getting to the car was all forgotten the moment they entered the brilliantly lighted, and handsomely decorated room. Very agreeable was the contrast between the brightness that met the eyes which way they turned, and the cloud covered sky, and wet streets without.

Heavy festoons of evergreens, pictures and mottoes graced the walls, while long lines of the evergreens tastefully put together extended from side to side and ornamented the gas fixtures, presenting a scene of freshness more quickly imagined than described. Over the speakers platform, in graceful letters, were arranged the words, "SECOND ANNIVERSARY, JAN. 18TH, 1876."

On the south wall opposite the door of entrance hung, in a handsome frame, a copy of Professor P. A. Emery's Chart, "The Order of Creation." Over this frame were the words, "THE CHICAGO DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY, ORGANIZED, JAN. 18TH, 1874." Over the marble mantle, on the east wall hung a picture of a hand held in the position representing A. Above this picture was suspended a small cross made of evergreen, and below it the words, "THE LIGHT TO OUR FEET."

About eight o'clock the newly elected president, Mr. Gustavus A. Christensen,

called the assembly to order. When all was quiet Mr. E. P. Holmes ascended the platform and offered an appropriate prayer, after which Professor Emery, who had been appointed orator of the day, was called forward, and talked for some thirty minutes on the subject of Success. He began his remarks with the question, "What is success?" answering, "The triumphs of love, perseverance and patience."

He then considered numerically the principal elements of success, claiming that the first element of success was love of trade, occupation, adventure, or of money. That the second was perseverance in pursuit of the same, and the third patience. While treating of the latter element he said, "Nature reveals little or nothing to the impatient but everything to the patient."

If this latter idea could be made clear to all the young mutes now at school, and be firmly fastened in their minds, the result would, in all probability, be a higher grade of intelligence than has heretofore gone forth from our institutions.

From considering the principal elements of success he went on to show who are the successful, and what objects are most worthy of success, giving as an answer to the latter question, "Religion or love of God and our neighbor, and education for a high and good purpose."

His address throughout was received with close attention, and was pronounced excellent by several qualified to judge.

At the conclusion of his remarks the writer was called forward and rendered in signs, a poem composed for the occasion, which at the earnest request of the orator and several of the officers, is here-with submitted :

THE SEED, THE BRANCH, THE TREE,
Or the origin, growth and probable future of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society.
By some unseen, some subtle power,
A seed was sown, which day and night
Swelled, till in a propitious hour,
It burst, and threw into the light
A shoot—a twig, so very frail,
So tender, that it seemed a breath,
Or look, or touch, that might assail,
Would check its growth, or cause its death.
But guarded with most jealous care,
And smiled upon by God and men;
It grew each hour, more strong and fair,
And challenged praise from tongue and pen.
Deeper its tender rootlets went,
Higher its branches rose each day;
Till strength and symmetry were blent,
And fear of blight had passed away.

Behold that twig a tree to-day,
A thing of grace, a source of joy;
A star to many as they stray,
Seeking some good without alloy.
A beacon, shining bright and clear,
When skies are dark, and clouds hang low;
A haven into which to steer,
When storms of trouble wildly blow;

A home where weary souls are sure
Of finding rest from toil and care;
A temple into which the poor,
May freely go for praise and prayer,
And learn, beyond all doubt the while,
That God, who guards each well-born seed,
Cares for them, too, and deigns to smile,
And help them in each time of need.

And still that tree shall thrive and grow,
To gladden hearts in days to come;
Life's thorny path with flowers to strew,
And wreath with smiles, lips ever dumb.
Still it shall be an altar fair,
Hallowed by many a solemn vow;
To do, to be, to trust, and bear,
Till death shall seal each heart and braw.

These are some of the lines; but by no means the best. In these days of Danbury News men, Free Press men, Mark Twain and the whole rank and file of humorists wise and otherwise, deaf men and their next of kin, the hard-of-hearing men are pretty well advertised. It is easy to suppose a case, and write up a yarn that will humor for the moment.

One would think that it is misfortune enough to be a "defective," but when the very infirmity is questioned, insinuations of "playing deaf" freely thrown out, and no small amount of inconvenience occasioned, what is a poor mortal to do? "Think swear," as a celebrated divine puts it, he would certainly be exonerated for so doing.

You have heard of the little joke got

up by the occupants of a New York inn,

somewhat like this:

"Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day she heard from her husband at Bantam Bay.

These are some of the lines; but by no means the best. In these days of Danbury News men, Free Press men, Mark Twain and the whole rank and file of humorists wise and otherwise, deaf men and their next of kin, the hard-of-hearing men are pretty well advertised. It is easy to suppose a case, and write up a yarn that will humor for the moment.

After he had concluded Prof. E., who

was always ready to get up some pleasantness

or raise a laugh, noticing that a lady

near him had declined both tea and coffee

and was regaling herself with water,

took her glass away, and after filling it with milk, returned it saying, "An emblem of my friendship." Sipping the rich fluid, she answered, "Thank you; it is very pure."

The night was waning into the small hours when the company left the table to test the digestive virtues of dancing and games. Wednesday morning dawned and they were ready to seek their homes, tired, indeed, but entirely satisfied that the occasion throughout had been very pleasant, and, doubtless, in their hearts echoing the sentiments of the toast inadvertently omitted at the banquet.—"The Chicago Deaf-mute Society: As our country this year celebrates the centennial of its independence, and as we have happily celebrated the second anniversary of our organization, so may our descendants celebrate the centennial of this society in prosperity."

ANGIE A. FULLER.

Chicago, Jan. 25th, 1876.

phrase "done," and part second, which consisted in pantomime plays and was opened by "Sneaks the Poet," who in grotesque costume, and with much elaborate flourishing said:

"We are bound to be jolly wherever we go,
And cause of pleasure and merriment strew;
We are bound to chase trouble, and sorrow, and care,
Back, back to their regions of gloom and despair,
And peace to you all, that it pays to keep bright,
Though dear be the day, and though dark be the night;

Then laugh all you please at our comical way,
For we're bound to be jolly, be jolly and gay."

The characters in scene second, were Uncle Jake, Little Billy Whatsen and a ghost. In scene third, Uncle Jake played, "Listen for footsteps in the land," upon banjo. Scene fourth, "Stamp speech by Uncle Jake, Billy Whatsen and the ghost." Scene fifth, "Spree, by Jake." Scene sixth, Jake is carried out on a bier; Billy Whatsen, as a pert, droll-looking little chap, then came in and rattled off the following as a farewell address:

"Oh say good friends, did you ever see,
A chap more jolly, or droll than me?
I play the person, and play the clown,
I laugh, and cry, and I smile, and frown,
I hug the matron and kiss the maid,
I tease the mgn 'till they're half afraid,
And I surely think you will never see
A chap more jolly, more droll than me."

Part third was then announced. This was the banquet, and we are positive that if all the mute bachelors scattered over the land, could have peeped in upon the loaded tables and have seen the many varieties of cake, which like heaps of hoar frost or loaves of snow rested between the piles of oranges and confectionery, and a little later when some cunningly wielded knife had arranged them in generous slices, could have tasted their excellence, they would each have gone away secretly wishing the beautiful bakers would improve the leap year privilege and assume the responsibility of baking their own individual cakes; or, if not that, vowing that they would be more gallant and generally agreeable until they had found such favor with some one of them as would insure them against any further infliction of boarding house fare with which they are now persecuted.

As usual on such occasions, Prof. Emery invoked the blessing, and while the feasting progressed, pleasant remarks were made and toasts offered. Mr. N. D. Barnard referred to the time when he was the only mute in the city, and probably in the county also, and told how one had come from New York and another from Hartford. Mr. Wm. Mills, of Wheaton, probably being the former, and Mr. John L. Gage, of Winnetka, the latter. How every year the number had increased until now he found himself in the midst of an intelligent and happy company, and as happy as the happiest. His remarks were received with warm applause. He, his wife and little daughter Cora are favorites among all their mute acquaintances.

After he had concluded Prof. E., who was always ready to get up some pleasantness or raise a laugh, noticing that a lady near him had declined both tea and coffee and was regaling herself with water, took her glass away, and after filling it with milk, returned it saying, "An emblem of my friendship." Sipping the rich fluid, she answered, "Thank you; it is very pure."

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ANGIE A. FULLER.

Chicago, Jan. 25th, 1876.

Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HARTFORD, Jan. 25, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:—As the Centennial year

enters upon the threshold, the 76th

birthday of Rev. W. W. Turner arrives.

He is still Hale and hearty. It will be

remembered that Mr. T. spent forty

seven years in teaching, and was for

eleven years principal of the American

Asylum for Deaf-mutes here. Since his

retirement he has paid considerable at-

tention to the welfare of deaf-mutes in

general. Love prompts him to still keep

a record of all the deaf-mutes in New

Earthly Sorrow.

The following lines were composed by Amadeus Pratt, of Gilbert's Mills, Oswego County, aged 14 years:

I have told the winds my sorrows,
I have told them o'er and o'er,
But they never stop to listen to me,
Or to kiss me any more,

And have made the moon acquainted
With all my gloomy fears,
But still she stays among the stars,
And leaves me lonely here.

I ask the birds to mourn with me,
That ever I was born,
They heed me not, they fly away,
In the bright ethereal morn.

I have told the little flowers,
Of all my bitter woe;
They look as pure as summer showers,
My grief they cannot know.

I watch the children at their play,
In all their childish glee,
Oai can never more turn back,
Is there no joy for me?

Has earth such bitter cups,
This life such drags of woe;
And shall I never more be gay?
In sorrow must I go?

I'll rise and go about my task,
With cheerful heart and stronger ties,
And fill life's possibilities,
With the strength that in me lies.

Success in Labor.

Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is one of the most successful newspaper publishers in the land. He is the friend of the laboring man, and practices himself the precepts which his paper advocates. The following editorial from a recent issue characterizes the man—the publisher.

"There is nothing more essential to prosperity than the establishment in the popular mind of the intimate connection between efficient labor and true success. In one sense they are synonymous. Success consists not so much of the reward a man reaps from labor as the value of the labor itself. He who, by honest work of hand or head, is constantly enriching the world, is intrinsically the successful man, whether riches or poverty fall to his lot; while he who amasses millions by speculation or fraud, leaving none to bless his memory when he is gone, has made his life a disastrous failure. We trust the time may arrive when this shall be the common acceptance of the word success, but at present it is not so. We usually measure it by what is gained—not by what is given; by the reward which labor brings—not by the intrinsic value of the labor itself. Even by this gauge, however, the connection is closely preserved. Eventually each one's personal welfare is strictly dependent upon his value to others. There may seem to be exceptions to this. Idleness and unfaithfulness may occasionally appear to reap the fruit that belongs of right only to honorable industry; but in the long run it is not so. The cheat is discovered, character is sifted, and justice is indemnified for her dishonored claims. Faithful, patient labor, of some sort that benefits mankind, is the only road to personal prosperity, and the success that seems to follow quicker and easier methods is short-lived and illusory."

"Few, however, believe this in their hearts. To many, work is only a disagreeable necessity, to be taken like medicine, in as small quantities as possible and dispensed with as soon as may be. They do not love it for its own sake, they do not care for its importance to mankind or its reflex influence on their own characters. They do not specially desire to attain excellence in it, and they only put enough energy into its performance to accomplish immediate and necessary results. Their hearts are not in it; they are ever looking beyond and over it to find objects of interest. Other things excite, stimulate and inspire them; their work alone is dull and irksome. Labor thus performed can never be of superior quality, can never greatly add to the happiness or progress of mankind, can never bloom into true success. It has no soul to animate, no hope to inspire, no vital power to develop it. A life spent thus, in unwilling and compelled labor, in which the heart has no place, is surely one of the saddest of failures. There are others again who fail in their life work because they are ashamed of it and think it beneath them. They blame fortune or circumstances for having condemned them to toil which they conceive degrading. If their lot had been cast differently, they think they might have made some mark in the world; if their work had been of a higher grade, they could have pursued it with energy and zeal; as it is, they only follow it from necessity and with no more assiduity than they are compelled to exert. Such persons make a fatal mistake. It is in them, and not in their work, that the fault lies. For if they do not perform what is committed to them with fidelity and zeal, how can they be fitted for a higher post? Besides, this separation of work into ranks and grades is altogether artificial and unauthorized. Who can decide which labor is higher or lower than another, which is of more or less value to mankind? It is not the kind of work, but the manner in which it is done, that determines its value. The faithful day's work, in the field, the shop, or the forge, in the kitchen or the factory, is far more honorable, useful and elevating than that of the scheming politician or the flushed and eager speculator, who counts his votes or his gains by the thousands, but whose labors add nothing to the prosperity, happiness, or virtue of the community."

"It is certainly important for each one to find his own appointed work in the world, that which he loves best, and can do best, as far as practical; but it is folly to sit down supinely and give way to despair and lethargy because he imagines he ought to occupy a more prominent or important post. Nine tenths of the changes made under this delusion prove to be for the worse instead of the better. The character and capacity that fail of success in one case fail yet more signally in the other. Froude well says: 'You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer and forge yourself one'; and it is only by laying hold earnestly and vigorously of the work that lies nearest to us, and raising its value by putting into it all the vigor and energy, all the patience and fidelity, all the thought and ability we can command, that we have any right to expect success in any of its meanings."

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
—For 1876.—

THE GREAT DEAF-MUTES' PAPER!

The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

A True Story.

A soldier one day called at the shop of a hairdresser, who was busy with his customers, and asked for relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and unless he could get a lift on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser listened to his story respectfully, and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, sir," exclaimed the soldier, astonished at the amount, "how can I repay you?" I have nothing in the world but this," (pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket): "it is a receipt for making blacking; it is the best that ever was seen; many a half guinea I have had for it from the officers, and many bottles I have sold. "May you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to a poor soldier." Oddly enough, that dirty piece of paper proved half a million of money to the hairdresser. It was no less than the recipe for the famous Day and Martin's blacking, the hairdresser being the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose manufactory is one of the sights of London.

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in our advanced age; and, if we do not plant it while young, will give us no shade when we grow old.

The Chinese in this country are already outgrowing their superstitions. The body of one who died recently in North Adams, Mass., was not sent home for burial.

"Any letters for Mike Howe?" asked an individual at a post office window. "No letters here for anybody's cow."

Grains of Gold.

Rage is mental inclemency. Silence is the fittest reply to folly. Diligence is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.

Laziness begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.

Sweetness is no protection against injustice; even sugar can be crushed. Make the truth very disagreeable, and there will be found plenty of men ready to tell it.

Illness is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and is the self-made sepulture of living men.

You can not prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellence.

Nations can better win success by noble deeds than by the cruel destruction of human life for selfish aims.

The blush of modesty is Nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

The habit of always being employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know all. But let all you tell be the truth.

One of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the exact truth, for the sake of apparent good.

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

If we waited until it was perfectly convenient, half of the good actions of life would never be accomplished.

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BY PROF. P. A. EMERY.

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